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Down To Earth And A Bang. From London Airport to Battersea, where Jacqueline learns there are few rules of the road. Two unsuspecting Britons take a beating as ground hostess Margaret swings the wheel



Greeting. Jacqueline Barbezat, Trans World Airlines flight hostess based in Paris, is met by Margaret Rowland

Heigh, Ho! Come To Battersea!

Two air hostesses make happy landings at the Festival Fun Fair, where the passport to top-speed pleasure is the spirit to try anything once

by H. E. BATES

SOME typically British genius with a flair for foolery has decreed that the entrance to all the fun of the Fair at Battersea Park should be dominated by two entertaining and entirely opposed examples of the engineering of our curious country and, in an illuminating and comic way, of our still more curious time.

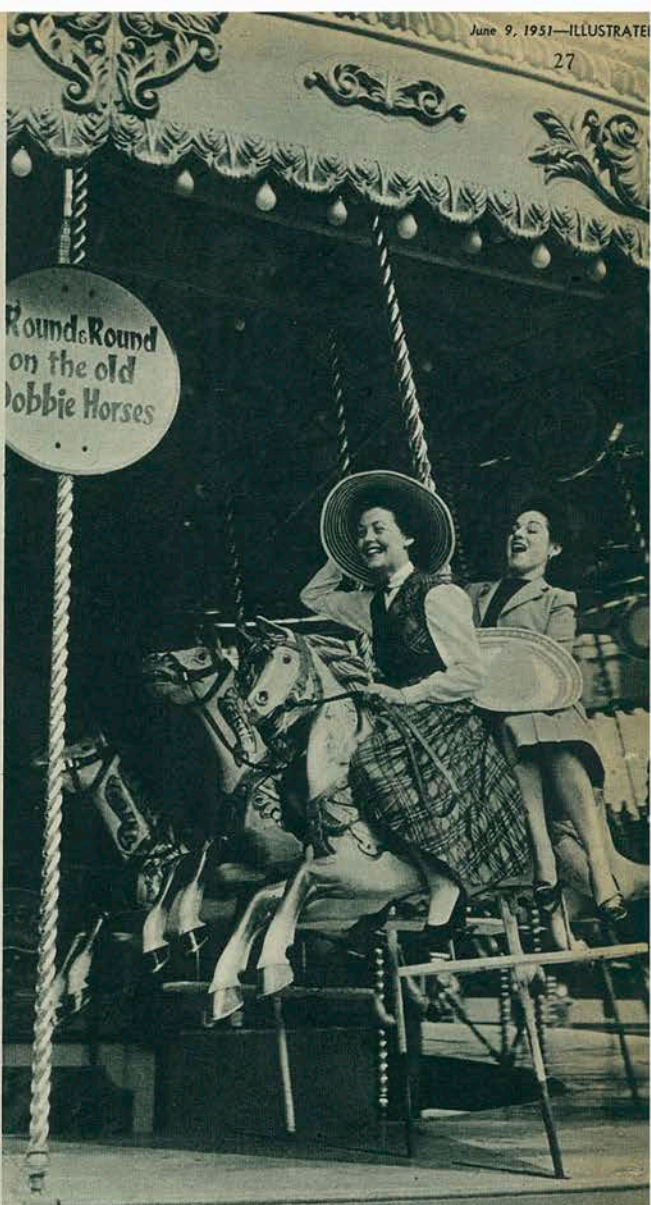
Other nations would mostly have been content, I feel, to display the terrifying arch-type of all switchbacks, a colossus in blue and white that straddles one entire boundary of the Fair like a

creation of an inferior Henry Moore gone mad: the high, shrieking Big Dipper. But only the British, I feel, could have thought of putting next to it, only a few yards away, the station of Oyster Creek, complete with flower beds guarded by ancient bedsteads, an air of cobwebbed madness and a barometer turned crazy by the necessity of recording our English climate: Emmet's astonishing and famous railway, with irregular and frequent services to Far Tottering.

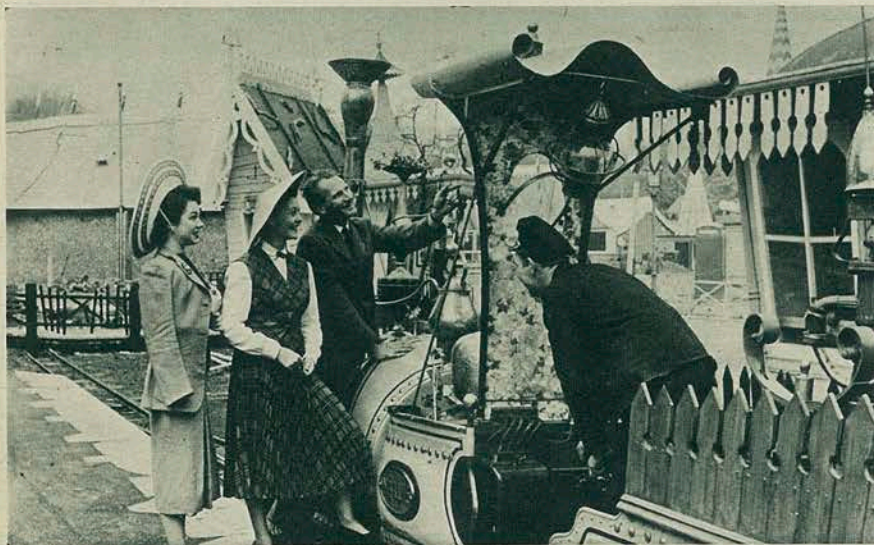
There is only one Emmet: dignified, complex, mad, aloof, deadly serious and deadly funny and now also, it turns out, *workable*.



Look—No Engines. Even a girl who flies for a living has a new view on heights. After four rides on the Big Dipper she gave up the idea that Britain takes its pleasures sadly



Holiday For A Hostess. The girl from Paris holds her reins and her hat. Sixpence on a Dobbie Horse is a safe bet if you want to go nowhere and enjoy it



First Class To Far Tottering. Margaret and Jacqueline visit Emmett and his railway, which snorts for 500 yards through the Fun Fair. The ticket is a shilling, and for that you are taken to Oyster Creek and cartoonland

The British alone could have produced Emmett in the first place; it is simply unthinkable that he could have been born elsewhere. But only British genius could have matched his own by making that solemn and idiotic train, complete with weathercock, frying-pan and cobwebs, run at a Festival Fair.

And why? Because Emmett, I suggest, is England, and because his railway, which everybody knew long ago was just a thing of the imagination and quite unworkable, is now to be seen *working perfectly*, crazy, endearing, dignified as a duchess. Many an American is going to stand before it this summer and probably mourn his lost heritage, with tears in his eyes.

The stage-entrance having been set to such perfection, it is a completely simple matter for any visitor to go straight into Battersea Gardens and catch the mood of the thing. The note has been perfectly struck with the Big Dipper and Emmett, and the mood is a sort of crazy dignity. The Fair is pretty big but it gives, at the same time, an air of being rather compact, not much larger than one of those good-sized Midland fairs that delighted us in our boyhood.

Of course, it isn't like that. For one thing we always had, in those days, a splendid, gilded Italianate roundabout, complete with gold-piped organ and little Italian *maestros* in red silk trousers conducting music of clashing magnificence, with all moving parts jiggling up and down like fun, and drums and brassy cymbals. Modern



Round The Lighthouse in a speedboat. Being girls, they both try to drive at once



Bumpy Trip. By twisting the controls you can fly upside down in the Jet Planes. Jacqueline turns pilot for a while



La Vie Battersea, or doing the can-can with dignity. If you are a man, you can be photographed as John Bull

genius has so devised things that now and then you hear, above the shriek of the Big Dipper, the Wizard Waltzer, the Hurricane and the Ride to the Moon, the faint, thin, rusty pipings of double loudspeakers.

It is as if someone, at some point of remote control, has bellyache and is calling, with small chance of being heard, thank God, for aid.

Below, not too well situated, I thought, under the fantastic screaming of the Big Dipper, is an extraordinarily interesting example of the leave-them-alone-and-they'll-watch-for-hours school of entertainment. Here, in an atmosphere much resembling that of an operating theatre where students intently watch the dissection of life, limb or liver, a considerable crowd stands hushed, to watch shapely young ladies embalm themselves, like sides of pale pork, in a large ice-block, about seven inches thick but melting—in case it's of any comfort to you—a little every day. Whatever will they think of next?

The young ladies, one of whom comes from India, quiver and quake so much that their poor jellified torsos have finally to be lifted out by sturdy nurses and revived—charming thought—by sips of exceedingly pale brandy. The crowd, I thought, had a sort of reverence about it, and I should not have been at all surprised

at this moment if someone had struck up, in true British fashion, a consolatory hymn.

Outside, a number of people looked quite ill on the Caterpillar before it started. It isn't really very formidable and it's a deeper green than the sort that invade your cabbages. At any rate, it goes up and down with the same relentless, inescapable motion as the Bay of Biscay and now and then the hood of the Caterpillar, slowly and monstrously, shuts you in.

Somehow I didn't think anybody looked very happy. It was quite sick and solemn, in fact, in the tensest sort of way, and it wasn't until people got off that they began laughing.

But then, I remembered, that's what they always do. They were doing it on the Grand Canyon, the Dragon Creek and the Boomerang.

The only places they weren't doing it were on the Flying Horses—dear, delightful, dignified Flying Horses, peaceful as ladies in bustles, golden-flanked, saucer-eyed, scarlet-reined, like beautiful museum pieces—and, of course, on Emmet's train. Of the Boomerang I cannot speak with anything but deep and sustained horror.

I have no idea who thought of this thing, still less who was its first test pilot. It simply consists in a sort of ground-windmill of cars that fly round and round at a tolerably mad sort of

speed, perhaps eighty, and it really isn't frightening until you begin to see the cars detach themselves and break loose at top speed. You are about to faint off with horror when you realize that the cars are really being propelled down a tunnel from which they emerge, some seconds later, with a hellish din, rather like coal trucks coming up from a mine.

Somewhere near is another modern symbol of our time. You remember the shooting gallery, with the ping-pong rifles, the dancing red and white and blue and emerald balls on silver squirts of water, and the lady with sausage-rolled hair about the colour of a pale Pekingese? Neither they nor she are there any longer. The Bazooka has replaced them. And the Bazooka being about as much as a man can lift, the whole affair has become like a major front-line operation, with gunners getting range, and whole concentrations of scarlet and blue and orange and green balloons being wiped out at a single burst. I expected to hear a paralysing voice: "Corp'l, take that man's name and number!"

Somewhere about this time, slightly bewildered but exhilarated not so much by noise, which really isn't great, as by the scream of colour schemes and the first winking out of those illuminations that look so ungarish and

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They Shot Three Arrows for sixpence, and scored no bull's-eyes. Comments from the male spectators tended to be unchivalrous. The range is eight yards



Trophies And Tired Feet. The two girls stayed till Fun Fair closed. Jacqueline has two comments: the British only pretend to be solemn, and the Big Dipper is biggest attraction



HEIGH, HO! COME TO BATTERSEA!—continued from page 28

enchancing from the far side of the river, I went across the bridge over Emmett's railway to Vauxhall Gardens, which is the Fair's chief pub.

A most charming sight greeted me before I got there. Three gentlemen from the Gold Coast—intensely tribal-looking, copper-black, superbly fuzzy and accompanied by a white girl with carrot-red hair—were walking slowly along in a state of almost embalmed enchantment, each licking at a vast pale pistachio-green cloud of candyfloss.

We Would Not Dare

They looked like a procession of lost African royalty bearing their sugary symbols of office before them, lucent snowy green, alight against coppery-black skin, on their way to a tribal coronation, all babbling in fruity dialect between licks of ambrosial cloud.

We, the British—what did they think of us? In the Vauxhall bar I heard a dry, outraged, high-spoken answer that only served to remind me of how restrained and nice we British are, if a bit shabby, even at fun fairs. No Englishman, no Scotsman, no Welshman would ever have dared yell at a barmaid: "Well, see here, dammit, ain't sittin' down free? Here's a character comes up and charges me three pence for sittin' down!"

Cheap luxury, I thought, when you considered how pleasant, how charming and how incredibly polite are the barmails at the Vauxhall bar; a fact which reminds me, incidentally, of how cheap this Fair is. It is cheaper, in all ways, than a country fair, from the sixpence it cost to go in to the price of a beer in the flowery Vauxhall Gardens, where the band plays just outside and where girls in their pale cherry and turquoise Mexican hats invite sailors to *Kiss Me Darling* under necklaces of light and the blossoms of old lilac trees.

It is very cheap indeed. You can have archery; and archery, as everyone knows, is a very high-class and exclusive sport, popular mostly on the sheltered lawns of country houses. But here, as I say, you have archery and, quite properly also, pink rock and brandy-snap. A man and his wife can go there, with the children, and amuse themselves for quite a long time for, I should say, ten shillings.

Family Likeness

That includes a roundabout of boats for the children which I thought was almost as nice as Emmett's railway, because it had real water for the boats to be rowed on.

If you like reptiles there are reptiles, too. I think there are also, though I did not see them, jellied eels, even if the two have nothing to do with each other. There are also monkeys, looking, as always, not so very unlike ourselves and doing much the same things for our entertainment. The delightful Mexican hats are everywhere, sky-blue and cerise and green and scarlet, and sometimes you see a family man,

struggling with a sleepy child on his shoulder, who looks unexpectedly like a gay caballero. Then you see, arm in arm with dad, a London mum who looks like Carmen Miranda.

There were the usual gangs of teasing, boisterous, lip-sticked youth, screaming their reactions to a variety of physical sensations, chief among which was undoubtedly the one where underwear did strange airborne things in tunnels. In great contrast to this was the bemused, almost solid sobriety of a number of Americans, mostly airmen in uniform. The explanation of it came to me slowly.

Finally it occurred to me that here were the results of that long misguided and obtuse policy by which the citizens of the United States are brought up to think of us as a strange combination of droopy-drawers and stuffed shirts. And yet here we were—you could almost hear them thinking it—the stuffy old British, taking a park, a park for Pete's sake, a real park, and turning it into Coney Island.

Letting Our Hair Down

If the reader has gathered by this time that I like fun fairs, and this one in particular, he has gathered correctly. In every man somewhere, deep down, remains the ghost of a peasant. He wants to be, now and then, a few times a year, and quite rightly, a festive creature.

Cinema, radio, and now television, are the forces of modern inventions that have, one by one, joyously, done something to take away from him the impulses towards collective and public gaiety that were as natural to his grandfather as drawing breath. The art of letting off steam is in decay. And the Fair at Battersea is, under its immense aura of light and colour, a great steam-letter-offer.

From across the river, on an early summer evening, from between the two suspension bridges, one of which is exactly like an airy golden necklace against black water and sky, it is also a moving and beautiful sight.

There are great symbols of something to be seen there across the water of the Thames, into which the reflections of scarlet and blue and emerald lights fall and float like artificial fruit, but I will not bore you with them except to say that of all London's buildings the Battersea power station, the colossus of the three dignified white candles floodlit to perfection, is a thing of unforgettable and powerful beauty.

Below it the Thames is as gay, with its brilliantly lit landing stages, its pleasure boats creeping about the starry waters, as Venice. The sky, all glowing with light, will remind you, as it should remind you, of a gayer England; an England of country fairs, uninhibited jollities and a smell of fresh brandy-snap, vinegary whelks, paraffin lamps and fish and chips.

Dear, unpredictable England; with its Fun Fair, its superlative, quiet and lonely modern sculptures and Emmett's train all together under the chestnut trees of the same park. Crazy, friendly, colourful Battersea.

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COOL, CALM AND COLLECTED

Frosty white, buttoned to the throat, has a way of making flower prints look hot by comparison. This tailored blouse in rayon crêpe suzette is accented with guipure lace; lovely to look at, delightful to wear, and easy to wash, in Lux. Lux leaves rayons feeling really soft and lovely.

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MORNING GLORY!

It's sheer delight to face the day in nice clean undies, say the Lux Daily Dippers. They swish their smalls through Lux suds after each wearing. Five minutes effort every night adds up to poise and self-esteem each morning!

Remember, Lux is safest for Daily Dipping.

Fashion Is Where You Find It

Background to all the pictures, so typically French, on pages 29-31, are in London. . . .

1. A Soho bookshop. 2. The Mall. 3. A Bayswater Road public house. 4. Steps by Lambeth Bridge. 5. A wine importer's in Finsbury Park. 6. A West End cinema. 7. A Piccadilly night club. 8. The Ritz Hotel.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in LUX